

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

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### Literary.

HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS, SELECTED  
FROM DR. JOHNSON'S WORKS.

THE task of an author, is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them a fresh grace, and more powerful attraction. To spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.....*Rambler.*

The two most engaging powers of an author, are, to make new things familiar, and familiar things new.....*Life of Pope.*

Next to the crime of writing contrary to what a man thinks, is that of writing without thinking.....*Life of Savage.*

It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer, to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

He by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his own behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be enquired,

whether the author be good or bad; to times when all his faults, and all his follies shall be lost in forgetfulness, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands and ten thousands, that flame which burns but dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moralist may be considered as a taper by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated passions; he extends his re-diance farther than his heart, and guides all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches.

*Rambler.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### RELIGION.

#### SINGULARITY.

AMONGST the bug-bears of modern invention, not one appears so universally dreaded as singularity

Though singularity in manners, dress and behaviour, as well as in the choice of company and connexion, is considered seffable, though not unfrequently accounted a proof of vulgarity; yet, singularity in decorum and religion never fails to raise the finger of scorn and contempt. But if we look into the grand code of the Gospel, we shall there find, that if we are not singularly pious, we must perish. For the following commands and threatenings stand among the most prominent of its injunctions. "Come ye out from among them, (the unthinking multitude) and be ye separate (or singular) and I will receive you; follow not the multitude to do evil; for the friendship of the world is death. If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself, and follow me." If these exhortations do not positively enforce a singularity in the conduct of the professors of christianity, I am much mistaken. At the same time, I am fully convinced, that whoever obeys

them will be accounted by the generality of mankind an enthusiast or an hypocrite; his devotedness to God will be termed an affected singularity; and all his proceedings will be scrutinized and condemned by the jaundiced eye of the libertine and the infidel.

But this mark of contempt and derision, is spoken of by our Lord as the criterion by which his disciples shall be discriminated from a gainsaying world; for a greater, though perhaps a more unpleasant truth is not found in the Scriptures than this:—"If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution." Again, our Lord and Master says,—"If the world hated me, it will hate you, because you are not of the world;—if ye were of the world the world would love its own."—Were we (and it would be no breach of evangelical charity) to try the professors of our holy religion, and especially those despisers of singularity, by this rule, how few would be found compared with the community at large, who wear this badge of true Christianity.

Let us not, then, be deterred by this phantom of modern invention, from boldly avowing our respect for the Gospel; but remember, for our encouragement, that the High-priest of our profession has promised, that if we confess him before men, by our unfeigned piety and contempt of the unhallowed maxims of this world, he will confess us before his Father, and the angels who are in heaven.

T. M. F. S. M.

### FIDELITY IN A DOG.

The following remarkable instance of fidelity in a Dog, is given in a late European Magazine, as an undoubted fact.

THE fidelity of this humble quadruped, has often been the theme of sensibility; his actions have adorned the pages of ancient and modern history, and his attachment to his keeper afforded grand lessons for the improvement of human morals. The circumstance I am about to relate, will, I think, equal any thing already recorded of this kind and useful animal:

A farmer, of the name of Hawkes, returning home from market, on a very cold and snowy evening, with no other company than his dog *Curry*, called in at a tavern to refresh himself. Being but a few miles from his own house, he resolved to go home that night, and set out on his way.

Fatigued and greatly overcome with the liquor he had imprudently drank, poor Hawkes fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights in the memory of man: turning on his back, he was presently overcome with sleep or cold; his faithful *Curry* was still with him, and with much labour scratched away the snow around his master, so as to throw up a wall all round the helpless man, then mounted upon the exposed body, rolled himself round, and laid him on his master's bosom, for which his shaggy hide (being of the Newfoundland breed,) proved a seasonable covering. In this state, the farmer and his dog lay the whole of the night, the snow falling all the time.

The next morning a person who was out with his gun, perceiving an uncommon appearance, ventured to the spot. At his approach the dog got off the body, and shook himself till disentangled from the snow, and by actions of the most significant nature, encouraged the sportsman, (a Mr. Finch) to the side of his master. The body was immediately known upon wiping away the encrustation from the face; the farmer was apparently lifeless, and in that state conveyed to the first house in the skirts of the village, when a pulsation in the heart being evident, all the care was taken to recover him necessary for persons in his situation; and, in a few minutes, to the great satisfaction of all present, the farmer was able to relate his own story, and is at this time alive and in perfect health; and in gratitude for the faithfulness of his friend, has caused a silver collar to be made for his wearing, with the following inscription:

In man true friendship I long strove to find,  
But miss'd my aim;  
At length I found it in my dog most kind—  
Man blush for shame!

A gentleman of the faculty hearing the above circumstance, applied to the farmer for a recital of the particulars attending his preservation; and, upon conviction of the fact, offered ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, declaring, so long as he had a bone of meat, and a crust of bread, he would divide it with his preserver; for it is an undoubted truth, that the warmth of the dog, covering the stomach of the sleeping man, preserved the pulsation of the heart, or he must have perished in so perilous a situation.

What had my dog from me but kicks and cuffs,  
And sometimes angry words and brutal huffs,  
Yet of all this he took no surly heed,  
But serv'd me kindest in the time of need.  
Go, two-legged creatures, as through life you jog,  
And emula e the virtues of my dog:  
For this is true, proud man, whoe'er denies,  
Like you he scorns, and us mere men despises.

#### HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

*By the late Dennis Rolle, Esq. of Devonshire, in England.*

IN a tract which this gentleman printed in 1789, he speaks largely on humanity to animals, whence it is apprehended, the following extract may not be unacceptable.

"I have experienced (says Mr. Rolle,) the memory of wild beasts, in a bear, which after more than a month's absence, was pleased with my taking him by the lip. I cannot account for the attachment I have met with of horses becoming tame to me without any dexterity; of the greatest dogs letting me lay hold of their jaws with pleasure; of venomous snakes that followed me on invitation, which prevented fear and danger; and I used no precaution, as hunters did, about my legs. I traversed the woods for years without hurt, and lay in the most exposed places, in swamps full of venomous reptiles, and have had snakes under my pillow without being injured. Of a crane that followed me, and attended me all the day when at work; of a strange dog, that gently seized on my hands, when walking the road, and would go with me, and attended close to me, as defending me, in the night that I walked through Waltham Chase, near Portsmouth, making sometimes a whining noise, if separated at a small distance, a kind notice of attachment. Another instance, I recollect, of a small cat in Florida, who came some distance and fought some dogs that were howling round me, that she thought were attacking me, and drove them off. I can account for these matters no otherwise than by Providence answering my tender treatment of animals, which I must always humbly and thankfully acknowledge, has attended me through life."

#### EXTRACTS FROM

#### *Mungo Park's Travels*

*In the Interior districts of Africa, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797.*

*July 20, 1796.* SEGO, the capital of Bambarra, at which I arrived this day, consists, properly speaking, of four distinct towns; two on the northern bank of the Niger, called Sego Korro, and Sego Boo; and two on the southern bank, called Sego Soo Korra and Sego See Korro. They are all surrounded with high mud walls; the houses are built of clay of a square form, with flat roofs; some of them have two stories, and many of them are whitewashed. Besides these buildings, Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter, and the streets, though narrow, are broad enough for every useful purpose, in a country where wheel-carriages are entirely unknown.

From the best inquiries I could make, I have reason to believe, that Sego contains, altogether, about thirty thousand inhabitants. The King of Bambarra constantly resides at Sego See Korro, he employs a great many slaves in conveying people over the river, and the money they receive, though the fare is only ten *Kowrie shells*\* for each individual, furnishes a considerable revenue to the king in the course of a year. The canoes are of a singular construction, each of them being formed of the trunks of two large trees, rendered concave, and joined together, not side by side, but end-ways, the junction being exactly across the middle of the canoe, they are, therefore, very long, and disproportionately narrow, and have neither decks nor masts; they are, however, very roomy, for I observed in one of them four horses, and several people, crossing over the river. When we arrived at this ferry, we found a great number waiting for a passage; they looked at me with silent wonder; and I distinguished, with concern, many Moors among them. There were three different places of embarkation, and the ferrymen were very diligent and expeditious, but from the crowd of people, I could not immediately obtain a passage, and sat down upon the bank of the river, to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The view of this extensive city, the numerous canoes upon the river; the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence, which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river; during which time the people who had crossed, carried information to Mansong the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night; and said, that in the morning he would give me further instructions, how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village; where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the

\* These little shells pass current as money, in many parts of the East-Indies, as well as Africa. In Bambarra, and the adjacent countries, where the necessities of life are very cheap, one hundred of them would commonly purchase a day's provisions for myself, and corn for my horse. I reckoned about two hundred and fifty *Kowries* equal to one shilling.

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night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might repose there for the night.—Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there, without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus: the air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:

"The winds roared, and the rains fell;  
"The poor white man, faint and weary came  
"and sat under our tree.—He has no mother  
"to bring him milk; no wife to grind his  
"corn.—CHORUS.—Let us pity the white  
"man; no mother has he, &c. &c.\*"

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation, the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompence I could make her.

July 21.—I continued in the village all this day in conversation with the natives, who came in crowds to see me; but was rather uneasy towards evening to find that no message had arrived from the king; the more so, as the people began to whisper, that Mansong had received some very un-

\* See the versification in the last page of this number.

favourable accounts of me, from the Moors and Slavees residing at Sego; who, it seems, were exceedingly suspicious concerning the motives of my journey. I learnt, that many consultations had been held with the king, concerning my reception and disposal; and some of the villagers frankly told me, that I had many enemies, and must expect no favour.

July 22.—About eleven o'clock a messenger arrived from the king, but he gave me very little satisfaction. He inquired particularly if I had brought any present, and seemed much disappointed when he was told, that I had been robbed of every thing by the Moors. When I proposed to go along with him, he told me to stop until the afternoon, when the king would send for me.

July 23.—In the afternoon another messenger arrived from Mansong, with a bag in his hands. He told me it was the king's pleasure that I should depart forthwith from the vicinage of Sego; but that Mansong, wishing to relieve a white man in distress, sent me 5,000 Kowries, to enable me to purchase provisions in the course of my journey; the messenger added, that if my intentions were really to proceed to Jenne, he had orders to accompany me, as a guide to Sandering. I was at first puzzled to account for this behaviour of the king; but from the conversation I had with the guide, I had afterwards reason to believe, that Mansong would willingly have admitted me into his presence at Sego, but was apprehensive he might not be able to protect me against the blind and inveterate malice of the Moorish inhabitants. His conduct, therefore, was at once prudent and liberal. The circumstances under which I made my appearance at Sego, were undoubtedly such as might create in the mind of the king, a well warranted suspicion, that I wished to conceal the true object of my journey. He argued probably, as my guide argued; who, when he was told, that I had come from a great distance, and thro' many dangers, to behold the Joliba river, naturally inquired, if there were no rivers in my own country, and whether one river was not like another. Notwithstanding this, and in spite of the jealous machinations of the Moors, this benevolent prince thought it sufficient, that a white man was found in his dominions, in a condition of extreme wretchedness; and that no other plea was necessary to entitle the sufferer to his bounty.

### Biography.

AT Craike, in the county of Durham, (Eng.) died lately, at the advanced age of 104 years, Mr. Simeon Allerton. He was a noted pedestrian, and was often employed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, on commissions to London, and other places,

which he always executed on foot, with fidelity and diligence. He lived in a neat stone cottage, of his own building; and what is remarkable, he had literally carried it upon his head! it being his practice to bring home from every journey, the most proper stone he could pick up on the road, until he had accumulated a sufficient quantity to erect his habitation; by which time, although the motive had ceased, this practice had grown so much into a habit, that he imagined he could travel the better for having a weight on his head, and he seldom came home without some loading.—If any person enquired his reason, he used facetiously to answer,—" 'Tis to keep out my hat."

### EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

MAFFEUS, who wrote the History of the Indies, which has always been a model of veracity, as well as elegant composition, mentions a native of Bengal, named Nunis de Cugna, who died in 1566, at the age of 370. He was a man of great simplicity, and quite illiterate, but of so extensive a memory, that he was a kind of living chronicle, relating distinctly and exactly, what had happened within his knowledge in the compass of his life, together with all the circumstances attending it. He had four new sets of teeth, and the colour of his hair and beard had been very frequently changed, from black to grey, and from grey to black. He asserted, that in the course of his life he had 700 wives, some of whom died, and the others he had put away. The first century of his life passed in idolatry, from which he was converted to Mahometanism, which he continued to profess till his death.

### Anecdotes.

#### THE FORTUNATE SOLDIERS.

TWO soldiers being condemned to death in Flanders, the general being prevailed upon to spare one of them, ordered them to cast dice upon the drum-head for their lives. The first, throwing two sixes, jumped about for joy—but was surprised when the other threw two sixes also. The officer appointed to see the execution, ordered them to throw again: they did so, and each of them threw two fives, at which the soldiers that stood round shouted, and said, neither of them was to die. Hereupon the officer acquainted the council of war, who ordered them to throw again; and then came up two fours.—The general being made acquainted with it, sent for the men, and pardoned them.—"I love," said he, "in such extraordinary cases, to listen to the voice of Providence."

#### CURIOS REVENGE.

The late alderman Sir Mathew Blaikstone once took revenge of his coachman, in the following curious way:—On a day, when he was to have a company to dinner, and part of his servants rather busy in making

preparation, he chanced to hear one of them, a female, ask the coachman, who had nothing to do, to fetch her a jug of water from the pump; the surly fellow refused, saying, "it was not his business to fetch water." The alderman, after a short pause, coolly rung his bell, and ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately.—The coachman, though surprised at his master's sudden commands, had nothing to do but obey them, and was, with the carriage and horses, at the door in a few minutes. Sir Matthew called the girl, who had requested the coachman to fetch the water, told her to get into the coach, and take the jug with her—she did so:—he then bid the coachman drive to the pump, where the young woman alighted, filled her pitcher, and returned with it in the carriage, to her master's house.

## THE WATCHFUL SWEEP.

THE following comical circumstance took place not long ago, in a neighbouring village.—A boy belonging to a chimney-sweeper, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farmer's house in the above village late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning, the farmer informed him he might if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed in the straw and went to rest. Some time in the night he was awakened by two men entering the barn, with a lanthorn and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposing they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn-heep. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice, said, "Gentlemen, I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the Knight of the Brush in his sable robes, and supposing it to be a messenger from the infernal regions come to help them, they threw down their sacks and lanthorn, and decamped, leaving poor sweep to finish his repose.

## THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

A man near Chester, lately lost his wife,—he was inconsolable—could not survive her, and must himself soon die for grief.—A coffin, with his name engraved on the plate, was bespoke, brought home, and paid for. A fortnight's woful tribulation followed, with no alleviation to his sad dispair, when lo! a blooming damsel of his neighbourhod, administered consolation; she revived, she charmed, the melancholy mourner; in short, they were immediately married. He offered the coffin, when no longer wanted, to be rasied for at sixpence per head; but no one choosing to adventure, it was fixed up as a snug corner cupboard, for the use of his new bride.

## POETRY.

## THE NEGRO SONG.

VERSIFIED BY THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,  
The white man yielded to the blast?  
He sat him down beneath our tree,  
For weary, sad and faint was he;  
And ah, no wife or mother's care,  
For him the milk or corn prepare.

## CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share,  
Alas, no wife or mother's care,  
For him the milk or corn prepare.

## II.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past;  
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast:  
The wind is heard in whispers low,  
The white man far away must go;—  
But ever in his heart will bear,  
Remembrance of the negro's care.

## CHORUS.

Go, white man, go—but with thee bear,  
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,  
Remembrance of the negro's care.

## PRAISE OF WOMEN.

BY A TRAVELLER.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,  
With toilsome steps I've held my way,  
A lonely unprotected stranger,  
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,  
My fortune still has been to find,  
Men's hearts and dispositions various.  
But gentle WOMAN ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,  
To deus of mercy always prone,  
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,  
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,  
Stints the free bounty of their heart,  
They turn not from the sad petition,  
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,  
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,  
WOMAN's the same endearing creature,  
In courtly town, in savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,  
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,  
How sweet the coarsest food had tasted!  
What cordial in the simple wave.

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,  
Shed comfort on the fainting soul—  
WOMAN's the stranger's general blessing,  
From sultry India to the Pole.

## SONNET TO REFLECTION.

ON LIFE's broad sea, our steamers high,  
We launch without a guide;  
Hope's faithless fire attracts the eye,  
And lures us to the tide.

Adieu, repose! to wind's a sport,  
By adverse billows lost,  
Before we reach the destin'd port,  
Our brittle bark is lost.

So some gay phantom of delight,  
Our youthful steps decoy:  
Till age, at length, with hateful spite,  
Th' illusive charm destroy.

Why then indulge each wayward wish,  
Or schemes of pleasure plan?  
He, be alone, enjoys true bliss,  
Who learns his ways to scan.

## THE CANARY BIRD.

TO you, on whose bounty I live,  
Whose hands with the tenderest care,  
Doth daily my food freely give,  
And more for the morrow prepare;  
To you I my gratitude pay,  
Which in my little bosom doth dwell—  
My song I do warble all day,  
And to you all my happiness tell.

At your mercy, a captive confin'd;  
My life and my liberty too,  
Are all to your kindness resign'd—  
What can your poor prisoner do?  
If from you I attempted to fly,  
Where could I for safety repair,  
With hunger I shortly must die,  
When bereft of your fostering care!  
From a clime that's far distant I come,  
And here a poor stranger remain;  
If e'er I for liberty roam,  
Unfriended I soon should be slain!  
But while I your bounty enjoy,  
My liberty lost, I'll not moan,  
But to please you, my song will employ,  
And your generous sympathy own.

Then let me your captive remain!  
I ne'er will repine to be free;  
But, content, tune my liveliest strain—  
This prison's a palace to me.

## THE MISTAKE.

A FOP, in the fashion, all closely shorn,  
Went to a barber's shop one Sunday morn,  
'Mid ranks of wigs he took his seat, to learn  
The barber's news, and wait his shaving turn.  
Up came old GAUGER with his flowing wig,  
White as a cauliflower, but twice as big,  
And peering round, for he was almost blind,  
A vacant block-stand for his wig to find,  
He chang'd, sad hap, his periwig to pop,  
Upon the nut-brown head of this fine FOP,  
Upbrund'd the blade, and swore, and floun'd about,  
"Od, demme, demme Sir, I'll call you out."  
Quick as light-horseman vaults into the saddle,  
Did GAUGER's spectacles his nose besaddle,  
For much he stard to see his old wig walk,  
Swear so, and so undu iffully talk;  
But soon as ever the mistake he spied,  
The good old man, quite out of breath, replied,  
"Your feelings, Sir, I did not mean to shock,  
Indeed, indeed, I took you for a BLOCK."

## EPITAPH

ON A DECEASED WIFE.

WEEP not for me—my dearest dear,  
I am not dead—but sleeping here;  
Therefore make haste, prepare to die—  
For shortly you must follow I.

*The following was written by a wag underneath.*  
I do not sleep, my dearest life,  
For I have got another wife,  
And therefore cannot come to thee,  
'Cause I am going to stay with she.

## EPITAPH ON MRS. NOT.

NOT born—NOT dead—NOT christen'd—NOT begot—  
Lo! here she lies, that was, and that was NOT!  
She died, was born, baptiz'd, and more;  
Was in her life NOT honest—NOT an evil-doer,  
Reader! behold a thing most rarely wrought,  
Which whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest NOT!